

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

FOR THE COMPANION.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c. &c.

Madame d'Arblay, the subject of this biographical Sketch, is the daughter of Doctor Burney, the eminent professor and historian of music. This gentleman is not more admired on account of his abilities in a science, which universally engages enthusiastic attention, than he is esteemed as a faithful friend, a prudent counsellor, and an amiable companion. Perhaps this charming union of fine qualities, being continually before the eyes of the meditative Frances, (the heroine of this memoir,) might, in the course of her reflections, suggest the character of the Reverend Mr. Tyrold!—Persons who know the one, and have read the description of the other, cannot fail to recognize the likeness, and to acknowledge, that while the works of his daughter shall have a place in the libraries of his country, Doctor Burney will need no other monument of his talents and virtues.

All the children of this worthy and accomplished man, have reflected honour on their parent; but the lady, whose intellectual plan of life we are now going to unfold, was justly the most admired: and if the compliment be thought very high, which tells a woman that she is “fairest, where all are fair!” the declaration of the merit of Miss Burney is not *faint praise*, which names her “most admirable, where all have been admired.”

Doctor Burney sought, by every inducement of persuasion and example, to lead all his children towards those studious pursuits which were consonant with the strain of his own mind: but he found that no stress was necessary

to turn the attention and labours of his daughter Frances, into that track: “*song* was her favourite, and her first *desire*,” and while the employment of her life was a search after wisdom,

—“Whate’er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer’d to her view,
She scann’d with curious, and romantic eye.
Whate’er of lore, tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous’d her still keen, to listen and to pry.”

Her infancy, though adorned with the usual ornaments of female education; a dexterity in managing the needle and the pencil; was devoted, like that of the young Edwin of Beattie, to the acquirement of the nobler decorations of science and philosophy. As the Doctor, who directed her studies, saw the wide field in which he had to move, he did not attempt to circumscribe the excursions of his pupil’s mind. He allowed her to range at large through the momentous defiles, and tremendous heights of history. He did not restrain her, when her adventurous spirit sought the more daring and trackless regions of romance. She possessed a solid understanding, as well as an excursive fancy; and when the bird flew abroad into the wilderness of fable, her careful guardian knew that she remembered where the olive grew, and that she would return, again to sip with him from the fountain of truth.

Her library presented to the eye, a visible picture of those visionary scenes which poets tell of, when they describe that elysium in which the *great ones* of all times, parties, and talents, will be friends and contemporaries. Even the heroes of the imagination presumed to mingle with those of reality, and to wear a *local habitation*, as well as a *name*. Cæsar, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and the Czar Peter, peaceably occupied the same shelf. Sir Charles Grandison, and the Vicar of Wakefield, flanked those famous soldiers; while Plutarch’s

Heroes and *La Belle Assemblée*, were ranged rank and file, without shewing any signs of hostility. Here stood Turenne, Condé, and Montmorency, with the Duke of Marlborough, and his warriors of Blenheim; and there, in opposite array, in "panoply of gold and scarlet," were marshalled the daring fronts of Oroondates, Don Quixote, and his redoubted prototypes of the round table. Kings, knights, esquires; sages, poets, philosophers; lords, ladies, and country damsels: were all, in their forms, as they are shaped by the chisel of the imagination, placed on equal, and quiet ground, within the "green retirement" of the fair student.

Such various subjects of investigation, produced great variety in the mind of Miss Burney; and very much promoted that facility in composition, that proteus-like versatility of fancy, which now constitute the charm of her works. Her own innate genius was assisted in the task of refining its judgment, by a close intimacy with the best authors, and the most approved critics: and by this proceeding, as well as by a respectful deference, which she paid to the opinion of her father, the young Frances acquired that early and perfect taste, which was the astonishment of her friends, and is now the admiration of the public.

Notwithstanding this general approbation, she did not betray any signs of being inflated with consciousness of worth; no vanity seemed to whisper to her, that she was superior to others; and that there would be delight in displaying her triumph. On the contrary, she rather avoided than sought that society, which would have hailed her with eagerness, and loaded her with applause. The timidity of her nature shrunk from crowds; and even small circles (unless formed of intimate acquaintance), were too oppressive, and demanded from her a greater exertion of spirits than her retired habits would allow her to summon for the occasion. Her home, and her library, were central attractions which bound her to themselves. She had read enough of the world to persuade her to relinquish all desire of seeing it; and she thought that a modern fine lady, and even a modern beau, whether titled or of "humbler note," were poor exchanges, to be accepted in lieu of the Worthies of Greece, of Rome, and of Old England.

She was herself almost an EVELINA in actual acquaintance with mankind, when, for a private reason, which reflects the highest honour upon her heart and domestic affections, she produced that justly admired novel. It was written and published unknown to her father; who, having occasion to visit the metropolis soon after its issue

from the press, heard nothing else spoken of. Indeed the applause was so general, that his curiosity was excited to see what all the world praised; and resolving to treat his family with so fashionable a feast, he made a purchase of the book.

When the business which had carried him to town was completed, he returned to Chessington, (a fine old mansion, then inhabited by Mr. Crisp,) where his children were upon a visit. With them and their worthy host, he proposed reading the far-famed adventures of Evelina.

It was in the rural precincts of Chessington-Hall, that the early genius of Miss Burney first tried its strength. It was there that the seducing form of romance (that lovely daughter of imagination) rose to the sight of the youthful enchantress. The vision passed in ethereal beauty before her eyes; and myrtles, and roses, and over-shadowing clematis, formed the theatre in which the magic scene was performed.

When Doctor Burney dismounted and entered the parlour, the customary question of "What news?" being rapidly addressed to him by the several personages of the little party, he replied, drawing a volume out of his pocket, "Nothing new has happened, but a great noise about a novel, which I have brought to you; and which seems to have turned all the people's heads, for they cannot talk of any thing else."

While the book was impatiently received, and the title read, the surprised and conscious Miss Burney turned her face to conceal the blushes, and delighted confusion, which otherwise would have betrayed her secret. But the bustle which usually accompanies the arrival of any dear friend, (and particularly in the country, where the monotonous, but peaceful, tenor of the hours, is agreeably disturbed by such a change) prevented the curious and happy group from observing the agitation of their sister. After dinner, Mr. Crisp proposed that the book should be read. Miss Burney had now recovered herself; and the good Doctor, smiling, and rubbing his hands, gave the word of command.

The acclamations which followed the closing of the last volume, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author looked from side to side, and overcome by the delicious feelings which rushed upon her heart, she burst into tears, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, avowed herself to be the writer of Evelina. The astonishment and pleasure of Doctor Burney were nearly upon a par: he could scarcely credit his senses. Intelligent as he knew his daughter to be, he had formed no concep-

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tion that such maturity of observation, fancy, judgment, and style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen; by one, who appeared to the outward eye, a mere infant in artlessness and inexperience; & whose deep seclusion from the world had shut her out from all visual knowledge of its ways. But the proof shewed a different conclusion. Though bred a simple country girl, and apparently little beyond a child in discernment; yet nature had taught her own scholar, and gave to her morning of life a proficiency in the art of composition, which few attain at the noon, or even at the close.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE COMPANION.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SYBARITES.

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S TEMPLE OF GNIDUS.

I was born at Sybaris, where Antiochus my father was the priest of Venus. In that city they make no difference between luxuries and necessities; all the arts are banished that are capable of disturbing a tranquil sleep: prizes are given at the public expence, to those who discover new sources of voluptuousness: and the citizens remember only the buffoons that have afforded them diversion, while they lose all remembrance of the magistrates who have governed them with wisdom.

The people there take advantage of the fertility of the soil, which produces an eternal plenty; and the favours bestowed by the Gods on Sybaris serve only to encourage softness and luxury.

To such a degree are the men sunk in effeminacy, that their dress is so like that of the women, they take such care of their complexions, they curl their hair with such art, and employ so much time in adorning themselves at the glass, that there seems to be only one sex in all the city.

The women abandon themselves, instead of surrendering, and the desires and hopes of the day are finished at its conclusion. They know not what it is to love, and to taste the pleasure of being beloved, and are solely employed about what is falsely called enjoyment.

Yet, had they the least modesty, a small appearance of that virtue would please: but they have it not; their eyes are accustomed to see, and their ears to hear every thing.

So far is the multiplicity of pleasures from giving the Sybarites more delicacy, that they cannot distinguish one sentiment from another.

They pass life in a joy merely exterior; quitting one pleasure that displeases them, for another that is still more displeasing; while every change affords a new subject of disgust.

Their souls, incapable of relishing pleasure, seem to have no delicacy but for pain. Thus, a citizen was fatigued a whole night, by the leaf of a rose folded in his bed.

Ease and softness have so weakened their bodies, that they cannot remove the least burden, and can scarce support themselves on their feet. They faint away in the most easy carriages; and when at a feast their stomachs continually fail them.

They pass their lives reclined on sophas, on which they are obliged to repose the whole day, without any relief from their fatigue; they are bruised if they attempt to languish out life in any other manner.

Incapable of bearing the weight of arms; timorous before their fellow-citizens, and dastardly in the presence of strangers, they are slaves ready to submit to the first masters.

I was no sooner capable of thinking, than I was filled with contempt for the unhappy Sybarites. I love virtue, and have always feared the immortal Gods. I will no longer, said I, breathe this infectious air; all these slaves of softness and indolence are made to live in their native country, and I to leave it.

Extracts from the Port-folio of a Man of Letters.

A PLEASING PICTURE.

Camus, a member of the French National Institute, who was deputed to visit the countries united to the Republic, concludes his Journey through the Departments of the Lower Rhine, and of the vicinity of Calais and the Somme, with this general and pleasing view of their state in the tenth year of the Republic:

"The general result of my observations may be comprised in a few words. The Republican departments that I have visited are in a flourishing condition. All active persons turn their views to manufactures & commerce. The arts which give life to manufactures and suggest new processes, are honoured and studied. The energy of men of talents are bent this way. The *belles-lettres* and fine arts are generally in a state of stagnation. Materials for literature are not wanting. But, as the *belles-lettres* and the fine arts flourish only in peace and in the bosom of opulence, when the persons capable of appreciating their value have

plenty of money, we are not to be surprised, if they have not obtained that consideration which is the cause of their success. The duration of peace, the security of property, the patronage of government, taste and discernment in the application of the funds, which a prosperous commerce will abundantly supply, render fruitful the seeds which are generally spread through the soil of the Republic."

ANECDOTE.

Dumourier surrendered himself to Clairfayt in the hope of receiving, at least in compliments and fine speeches, some recompence for delivering up to the Austrians four deputies of the Convention and a French General. With his hat off he waited for the moment when the General would speak to him. Some Austrian soldiers came in great haste, bringing to Clairfayt a wounded French soldier. He was a sentinel whom they had met with on duty. As they approached him, they commanded him to be silent, and levelled their pieces at him. The Frenchman cried out "*Alert,*" and presented to warn them. The Austrians fired and wounded him; led him away prisoner, and requested the General to decide on his destiny. Clairfayt got up, took the Frenchman by the hand and said: "Brave fellow, you have done your duty: I esteem you more than I do a traitor. I will send my physician to you. Soldiers, take the greatest care of him."

A ROYAL REMONSTRANCE.

That learned, ingenious, and classical scholar, the Rev. Stephen Weston, to whom the literary world are considerably indebted, has lately directed his studies to Arabian and Persian literature. We may expect from his taste and industry much curious and miscellaneous information. The following extracts are taken from a singular paper, printed, but we believe not published, which bears for title, "*The Spirited Remonstrance of Rajah Soobah Sing to the Emperor Aurungzebe.*" It is accompanied by the original Persian on the opposite page.

"When we consider the writer of this Letter, was a petty Prince addressing a powerful Emperor, we cannot but admire the bold intrepidity & the contempt for a merciless tyrant it displays in every part. But its eloquence, the warmth of its colouring, and the propriety of its images, and the charm of its genius, stamp it with a peculiar and unlooked for value. It was not expected from the passive obedience of the East, and, an Oriental remonstrance was never heard, at least by us, in so sublime a tone." There are also frequent touches of beautiful nature and

picturesque sketches. We shall now detail some of the most curious paragraphs:

He opens with assuring the Emperor that he has ever been ready with his services as a loyal servant, and every thought he has, is constantly exerted for the prosperity of the empire. That his predecessors were kings of high character: Alexander II. he thus characterises, "For thirty-two years he spread the blessed shadow of protection over the world; and having acquired all the marks of fortune and prosperity became the very current term for excellence and sign of reputation on earth. Wheresoever he turned his eye he saw victory in present, and prosperity in future."

He then accuses the Emperor that he has alienated many of these conquests, and depopulated the country by excessive taxation. "The farmers are plundered and the revenue is defrauded, and the consequence is a deficit in the contributions: and for a lak, or one hundred thousand rupees, one thousand is now collected, and the strong places are all destroyed, and the fortresses reduced to sand-heaps. Whenever poverty has entered the palaces of kings, the state and condition of the nobles may easily be conceived. At this moment the Sepoys are in rebellion, the merchants complaining, the Musselmen weeping, and the Hindoos burning, and many in want of their nightly bread beat their cheeks till they are red. You exact a poll-tax from the sick and needy: you rob the indigent of his platter; and the poor man of his cup."

Here he finely describes the Divinity. "If the authentic word of God, if the heavenly book be held in any esteem, God is the Lord both of true believers and the wild uncivilized Arab, add not of Musselmen only; and that there is but a point of difference between the infidel & the believer, is most evident. Though the colouring vary, the true painter that mixes it is one, and he is God! Where there is a mosque, it is to him that we pray; and where there is a temple of idols, for love of him, the bells are shaken. If we find fault with the religious faith of any man, we contradict the letter of the heavenly book; if we deface the picture, we commit an offence against the painter."

To this remarkable passage the Rajah adds a distich, which contains the most ingenious idea possible, to account for the origin and the appearance of evil in this world.

"*Distich.*—Whether it be beauty or deformity that you look on, put not the hand of obliteration on it. Defect of proportion is an inscrutable mystery.

He continues his elevated strain of remonstrance against the poll-tax. He says, "In whatever light you consider a poll-tax, nothing can justify it. The proof of a just government and a good police, is where a beautiful woman decked with gold and jewels, can travel from country to country unmolested and in perfect security. At this time the cities are given up to plunder, what then must be the condition of the deserts?"

Most ingeniously the Rajah concludes, by advising the Emperor to begin his capitation-tax by the Rajah Ram-sing, because he is the head of the Hindoo tribes. After him he says, "To take it from me your friend, your prompt obedient servant and well-wisher, will be a matter of less difficulty; but to torment ants and flies is unworthy of a man of courage." And finally, with marvellous intrepidity he concludes, "It will appear wonderful hereafter to posterity, that those who have eat your Majesty's salt, and whose business and duty it was, as guardians and tutors, to exhibit patterns of virtue, should have neglected to instruct your Majesty in the principles of truth, which is the essence of the soul."

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SIR JOHN VANBURGH TO JACOB TONSON. 1719.

"I have the misfortune of losing, for I now see little hopes of ever getting it, near 2000*l.* due to me for many years service, plague and trouble at Blenheim, which that wicked woman of "Marlborough" is so far from paying me, that the Duke being sued by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the debt upon me, for which I think, she ought to be hanged.

We stayed two nights in Woodstock, but there was an order to the servants under her Grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim; and lest that should not mortify me enough, she, having somehow learned that my wife was of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders, if she came with the Castle-Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, gardens, or even to enter the park; so that she was forced to sit all day and keep me company at the inn."

SIR JOHN VANBURGH TO JACOB TONSON. 1735.

"I have been forced into Chancery by that B. B. B. old B—the Duchess of Marlborough, where she has got an injunction upon me by her friend the late good Chancellor*, who declared that I never was employed by the Duke, and therefore had no demand upon his estate for my servi-

ces at Blenheim. Since my hands were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrear, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole to help me in a scheme which I proposed to him, by which I have got my money in spite of the hussey's teeth. My carrying this point enrages her much, and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an *English Bastile*, there to finish my days, as I began them in a *French one*.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE GENERAL WOLFE. SIR,

You can't find me a more agreeable employment than to serve or oblige you, and I wish with all my heart that my inclination and abilities were of equal force. I don't recollect what it was I recommended to Mr. ———'s nephew, it might be the Comte de Turpin's book, which was certainly worth looking into, as it contains a good deal of plain practice. Your brother no doubt is master of the Latin and French languages, and has some knowledge of the Mathematics. Without the last he can never become acquainted with one considerable branch of our business, the construction of fortifications, and the attack & defence of places; and I would advise him by all means to give up a year or two of his time now while he is young, if he has not already done it, to the study of the mathematics, because it will greatly facilitate his progress in military matters. As to the books that are fittest for his purpose, he may begin with the King of Prussia's Regulations for his horse and foot, where the economy and good order of an army in the lower branches is extremely correct: Then there are the Memoirs of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, Feuquiere, Montecuculi; Folard's Commentaries upon Polybius: the *Projet de Tactique, ou la Phalange, complée et doublée*; *L'Attaque et la Defense des Places, par le Maréchal de Vauban*; *Les Mémoires de Goulon, L'Ingénieur de Campagne, par St. Remi*, for all that concerns artillery:—O the Antients, Vegetius, Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophon's Life of Cyrus, and The Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks. I don't mention Polybius, because the Commentaries and the history generally go together of later days. Davila, Gulciardini, Strada, the Memoirs of the Duc de Sully.

There is abundance of military knowledge to be picked out of the Lives of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. Kings of Sweden; also of Zisca the Bohemian: and if a tolerable account could be got of the Exploits of Scanderbeg, it would be inestimable; for he excels all the officers ancient and modern in the conduct of a small defensive ar-

* *Qu.* Lord Macclesfield.

my. I met with him in the Turkish History, but no where else. The Life of Sertorius contains many fine things this way; there is a book lately published, that I have heard commended, "l'Art de la Guerre par Pratique;" I suppose it is collected from all the best authors that treat of war: and there is a little volume intitled "De la petite Guerre" that your brother should take in his pocket when he goes upon duties and detachments. The Marshall de Puysegur's book, too is in esteem. I believe Mr. ——— will think this catalogue long enough; and if he has patience to read and a desire to apply, as I am persuaded he has, the knowledge contained in them, there is wherewithal to make him a considerable person in his profession, and of course very useful and serviceable to his country.

In general the Lives of all great commanders and all good histories of warlike nations will be very instructive, and lead him naturally to imitate what he must necessarily approve of.—In these days of scarcity, and in these unlucky times, it is much to be wish'd that all our young soldiers of birth and education would * * * * *

VARIETY.

We copy the following beautiful Epistle from Moore's New Poems. It is perfectly free from the licentiousness with which too many of his productions are sullied, whilst at the same time, every line is irradiated with the bright and vivid glow of his unrivalled genius.

EPISTLE V.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, Esq.

FROM BERMUDA.

March.

"The day-light is gone...but before we depart,
"Here's a brimmer of love to the friend of my heart,
"To the friend who himself is a chalice, a bowl,
"In which heaven hath pour'd a rich bumper of soul!"

'Twas thus by the shade of a calabash-tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a sigh to the past, and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flow'r,
And shoots from the lip under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!
Do you sometimes remember and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh as you crown it to him,
Who is lonely and sad in these vallies so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night when we came from the calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh!...such a vision as haunted me then,
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serenest the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills,
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,
Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
Could display such a bloom of delight as was given
By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night,
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away, (1)
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew
Were as sweet as the breeze or as bright as the foam
Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home.

(1) A ship ready to sail for England.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Those who wish to know the manner of writing practised by the celebrated Petrarch, may see it in its genuine and natural colours in the following translation of one of his Sonnets by Sir William Jones.

* Not far removed, yet hid from distant eyes,
Low in her secret grot a naiad lies,
Steep arching rocks with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem and native throne.

* See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshouliere's.

There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
 Clear as a brook but as an ocean deep,
 Yet when the waking flowers of April blow,
 And warmer sun-beams melt the gather'd snow,
 Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
 The nymph exulting bursts her silver chains.
 Her living waves in sparkling columns rise
 And shine like rain-bows to the sunny skies.
 From clift to clift the falling waters roar,
 Then die in murmurs and are heard no more,
 Hence softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
 The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam,
 From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
 And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride,
 Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
 And crown the labours of the joyful swains.
 First on these banks, (ah, dream of short delight!)
 The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight,
 Charms that the bliss of Eden might restore,
 That heaven might envy and mankind adore,
 I saw and Oh! what heart could long rebel,
 I saw and loved and bade the world farewell:
 Where'er she moved the meads were fresh and gay,
 And every flow'r exhal'd the sweets of May,
 Smooth flow'd the stream and softly blew the gale,
 The rising flowers impurpled every dale,
 Calm was the ocean and the sky serene,
 An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene.
 But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
 († Ah! ever dear, yet ever fatal day)
 O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread,
 Pale were the meads and all their blossoms dead,
 The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
 All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.
 Go plaintive breeze to Laura's flowry bier,
 Heave the warm sigh and shed the tender tear,
 There to the awful shade due homage pay,
 And softly thus address the sacred clay,
 "Say envied earth that dost those charms infold,
 "Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
 "Where are those eyes which oft the muse has sung?
 "Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
 "Ye radiant tresses and thou nectar'd smile,
 "Ye rocks that might the melting skies beguile,
 "Ye robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep,
 "Ye taught me how to love and how to weep.

The following was intended for publication last week.

The obituary announcing the death of an amiable young man, excites reflections which we think not unsuited to the pages of the Companion. The brevity of human life, is a theme often descanted on from the pulpit, and every moral writer, makes it the frequent subject of his reflections—But an instance occurring immediately beneath our view of so striking a nature, necessarily makes a deeper impression on our minds than the best theoretical lessons.

† Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April, in the year 1327, and she died on the same day in 1348.

A little, a very little while ago, Mr. Louis Bourbon Smith, sported in pleasure's gayest sunshine—the rosy hue of health played on his cheek, the warm glow of benevolence animated his heart, and the smiles of prosperity and the affectionate endearments of friends and relatives, who fondly cherished him, all had conspired to bestow on him the rich and rare boon of happiness. But alas! the ruthless hand of death in one moment stops his glad career, "and in the midst of fortune's fullest favour," he sinks into the "dark and silent tomb." Ah! this is indeed a sad and awful lesson; and should teach the gay, the giddy and the proud, the nullity of all sublunary things, the uncertainty of all human bliss, and the evanescence of all human grandeur.

ERRATA.

Important errors to be corrected in the Essay of the SYLPH, upon the influence of the French Revolution on Letters and the Arts &c. &c.

In the fifth number page 362, 2d column, 42d line after doctrines, for a comma, a period, and following, for announcing every where that there was no God, no future state of existence, read, they declared that there was no God, &c.

Line 46 after fanaticism, instead of a comma, a period. The same line, for in short they decided that all religion was puerility, all worship mummery; if ever the words, &c. &c. read that honour was senseless extravagance, that all religion was puerility, all worship mummery!!! and begin a new sentence with If ever, &c. &c.

Page 363, col. 1, line 4, after disorders instead of a colon a period.

Page 364, in the note for son pittoresque so, read son pittoresque anche io.

In the 6th number, page 370, column 2, to the note to the words, the liberty of the press is the safeguard of the people, marked with an asterisk, add that also with this reference § the origin of the arts, &c. &c.

No. 7. 1st page, 1st col. 21st line for "the court of Rome has brought a catastrophe on herself which must very soon deprive her of her DOUBLE AUTHORITY read of the EXERCISE of her DOUBLE AUTHORITY.

Page 381, 1st col. 7th line, for "persecution" read presumption.

No. 8, page 388, col. 1st, note 2d. for l'homme des champs & la pitie", read l'homme des champs & la Pitié.

No. 9, page 395, 2d col. 41st line for "after having been shewn to the public as a curiosity in 1798 his liberators cut off his head in 1793 or '94, read after having been shewn to the public as a curiosity in 1789, his liberators cut off his head in 1793 or 1794.

Same page, 42d line, add if at least the official list of those who were guillotined may be believed.

Page 396, 1st col. 2d. line, for "a million," read thousands.

EXTRACT FROM A RHYMING JOURNAL IN INDIA.

Sleepless all night, tir'd with the tedious way,
Arriv'd at Sesseram by dawn of day,
Solicitous to gain a short relief,
I sought the mansion of its former chief,⁽¹⁾
How oft, poor fellow, has his open soul
Detain'd each traveller o'er the flowing bowl.

The garden a neglected wild display'd
Whose mould'ring wall in many a heap was laid.
Some wealthy Mogul had the building rear'd:
The bath and haram on each side appear'd,
But changes of its christian lord effac'd,
Its eastern splendour with European taste;
Marks too of mutilating time it bore,
Both its exulting masters now no more.

The turns of fate my sadden'd soul appal;
Cold was the hearth, all silent was the hall;
And from its frameless window I descried
The tomb of Sheershau in majestick pride;
'Thither I haste, the fabric to survey,
A conscious witness of life's fleeting day.

From midst a stagnant lake, superbly high,
The solemn dome obtrudes into the sky;
Upon the banks more humble tombs abound,
Of faithful nobles who their prince surround.
The monarch still seems grandeur to dispense,
And e'en in death maintain pre-eminence.
Ent'ring the porch, absorb'd with what I saw,
I own'd reluctant a religious awe:

And step'd, alas, how vain! with timid tread,
As cautious to disturb the slumb'ring dead.
Each startled marten flitting to the light,
Shot like a shade across my dazzled sight.
Fix'd on the narrow spot where Sheershau lay,
And muttering to myself the mournful Gray,⁽²⁾
Methought I heard the spirit of the tomb;
My voice re-echoing from the hallow'd dome.
My spirits sunk, a load oppress'd my heart,
And fluttering reason whisper'd to depart,
Weighing what has been, warn'd of what must be,
Pensive I left the sad solemnity.

(1) Mr. Palmer, remarkable for hospitality and conviviality.

(2) The boast of heraldry the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

BY SMOLLET.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,

I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave,
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges, flow'r'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil:
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessing they enjoy to guard!

SONG TO DELIA,

BY P. PINDAR.

Say, lonely maid, with down-cast eye—
O Delia! say, with cheeks so pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;
The sighs a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to nymphs of other shades,
He feigns the soft, impassion'd tear,
With songs their easy faith invades,
That treach'rous won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart can ne'er be blest by love,
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

